

C. M. : The Confession and Repentance of **GEORGE SAUNDERS**, Gent.
M. late of *Hugh*, in the County of *Hertford*, who Killed his own Uncle, and Accused
 his own Father for the Murther; but by God's Providence being discovered,
 dyed for the same; and in Prison wrote this **SONG** with his own Hand.

To the same Tune, &c.



GOD's judgments now are rightly seen, said I I sinned have, sin hadom set on fire;
 Dear Father, I have slain him, let me dye: Also for sin did Egypt feel God's ire:

O let me dye and let my Father free,
 Or else like Judas damned shall I be.

Whereat the People in that very place,
 They praised God that gave me so much Grace,
 To quit my Father from that crying sin,
 Which I with blood-red streams am drowned in.

My Father said, and I to Prison sent.
 Where I remain'd with many a sad lament,
 Which when you see, you cannot chuse but say,
 Repentance comes before my dying-day:

His Repentance in Prison.

'Mongst Lyons fell in Daniel's den am I,
 In lowest Prison cast with Jerem; ;
 Fed with Elias by the ravens fell,
 And plac'd with Judas in the maw of hell.
 Naked with Esau fearful do I walk,
 Dumb with old Zachary silent do I talk,
 Affliction's bread with Micha is my Food,
 And with the Prophet drink I Sorrows flood.

As poor as Job, even now so poor am I,
 Despis'd with Lazarus in great misery,
 Banish'd with David from my native land,
 Cast up with Jonas on the Penebster sand.

Made blind with Tob; by the swallow's dung,
 And with poor Joseph cast in prison strong,
 I weep with Mary who had lost her Master,
 And run with Peter who should run the faster.

I sinned have, for sin God curst the ground;
 I sinned have, for sin the World was drown'd;

I sinned have, for sin did Adam dye;
 I sinned have, sin caused David's cry;
 I sinned have, and for sin Satan fell,
 From an high Angel, to a Devil in hell.

Did David weep, and shall not I then cry?
 Did Mary weep, and shall mine eyes be dry?
 Did Esau weep, and shall not I weep more?
 Did Peter weep? such tears let me have store.

Did Mary weep for loss of Master dear?
 Did Martha weep, with sorrow touch'd near?
 Spring eyes with tears to wash his sacred feet,
 That for my sin did shed his blood so sweet:

Lark like I fly unto the living Spring,
 Desiring pardon of my heavenly King;
 Past worldly hope now like the Thief on tree,
 I only fix my faith and hope in thee;

Look back on me as thou didst unto Peter,
 Speak to my Soul, as to the Thief most sweeter
 O spy me out with Zachary on the tree,
 And with St. Bartholomew call me Lord to thee:

O let me now with holy Abraham spy,
 A saving Ram that Isaac may not dye;
 O let me live for to sound forth thy praise,
 That I may shew thy mercy in my days:

Make me a swallow in thy House, O King,
 That swallow like I may sit there and sing;
 Or let me in thy temple keep a door,
 That I may praise thy Name for evermore.

Save a thief from the Gallows, and he'll hang thee if he can:

The Merciful FATHER, and the Merciless SON.

To the Tune of, Fortune my For, &c.



You disobedient Children mark my Fall,
And by my timeless end take warning all,
Against my own dear Father have I done,
A deed the like did never graceless son:
In blooming years I was inclin'd to sin,
E're I perceiv'd what danger lay therein;
And so from day to day, until this hour,
To leave the same as yet, I have no power.
My Mother dead, my Father cockered me,
As Men will do when motherless we be;
And nothing for me then he thought too dear,
Which brought me thus into a graceless fear,
And when as I to elder years did grow,
By wicked courses got I timely woe;
Each vain delight belonging to young Men,
Deceiv'd me, and wrought my ruin then.
The deadly sins that are in number seven,
Without more grace have lost my joys in heaven;
From first to last of these most cruel crimes,
Have made me now a wonder of these times:
For wanting means to nourish my delight,
I went the wrong, and left the ways of right;
Which to maintain, my Father growing poor,
Forgetting God, I daily robb'd so more.
Three times he sav'd me from the Gallows-tree,
Three times he cast himself in Debt for me;
Three times he set me up in good Estate,
In hope to keep me from untimely Fate.
By me the Proverb is fulfilled here,
Who saves a Thief from Gallows finds it dear.

For saving me, I sought his dear Life's woe,
My gentle Father's timeless overthrow.
For wanting means still to relieve my need,
Put me in mind to do a woful deed;
And seek his blood, the high-way unto sin,
Who wanting grace, I soon grew perfect in.
My Father's Brother of good living known,
Being dead, as next of kin they were mine own,
The which I wrought with these accursed hands,
To be the heir of all my Uncle's lands.
With mind prepar'd for Murder thus I went,
Unto the field where he did much frequent,
Where meeting him, with mine own Father's
Which I had stoln, I took away his life; Chruse,
And laid it down all bloody by his side,
That all might see my Uncle therewith dy'd;
And challeng'd it my Father's knife to be,
When People came the murdered Corpse to see.
O Homicide! O cursed bloody Blood,
Like Cain, to seek my Father's dearest blood;
My own dear Father being thus betray'd,
His own Child the Evidence was made.
So judg'd to death for that he never did,
The Lord in mercy did the same forbid:
For as he was to Execution led,
A world of torments in my bosom bred.
To see him stand upon the Gallows-tree,
From which before poor Man he saved me;
I could not chuse but tell what I had done,
And so confess myself a wicked Son.